

STREET HAVEN



PEGGY ANN WALPOLE C.M., R.N.
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Toronto, Ont. M5P 2X8

Newsletter

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2 TERAULAY STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

MARCH, 1966

Street Haven celebrates its

THE HAVEN

A Refuge For Addicts --
No Questions Asked

BY DOROTHY HOWARTH
Telegram Staff Reporter

KAREN MOVES in a dim, night world of dingy streets and sleazy cafes. She belongs nowhere, to no one, and owns nothing but the clothes she walks in. She exists outside the law by theft and prostitution. She lives from trick to trick, drink to drink and pill to pill and she ends -- or almost ends -- two nights ago -- with an overdose of her favorite pill, tinal. One final capsule is the normal sleeping dose.

Karen took it. She realised then on a corner near the Street Haven which she bloodied last week with her slashed wrists. The Haven found her Wednesday night, knew her addiction and rushed her to hospital.

Without the Haven she might be just another statistic today, lying unclaimed on a slab in the city morgue -- one of Ontario's five "pill" deaths every week. One of Ontario's 10,000 "pill" addicts. Karen is 22. That is all anybody knows about her.

She wandered into the Haven a week ago like a bedraggled stry, bitter seeking warmth, but neither asking nor expecting anything. The Haven asks no questions, takes no case histories, demands nothing of its visitors but that they bring no narcotics or controlled drugs (barbiturates, tranquillis, sleeping pills and sedatives) on the premises.

It offers a comfortable clubhouse, a hot dinner, companionship, instant aid in emergencies like Karen's, and "someone who cares."

One night this week, four girls sat around shooting the breeze with Father Daniel Egan, while 18 others played solitaire at Riverside Park.

Father Egan runs a similar haven in New York City. He helped Peggy Walpole, Mrs. Emily Carling and Jay Cattan establish Toronto's Haven last March.

Now the Haven is incorporated; has a board consisting of three clergymen, one social worker, an alderman, a doctor and a lawyer; about 50 volunteers and exactly \$245 in operating funds.

"They care about us here," a slender 19-year-old, dressed like a boy, explained earnestly to Father Egan.

"They trust us. We don't even trust each other. But because Miss Walpole trusts us, we trust her. They accept us here for what we are. I am a lesbian. I prefer to dress this way and I am comfortable here."

A dark-haired, handsome woman with manure-black eyes told the priest she had her first job in 15 years, partly through the Haven's influence. A prostitute and an addict, she provided -- "but I'm trying," she said.

The Street Haven in the Atalanta Hotel on Carlton near Jarvis is just that -- a haven for Toronto's drug addicts. Most of its visitors are street-walkers. Telegram writer Dorothy Howarth tells of a typical night in the Haven.



PRIVATE LINE * BY LOTTA DEMPSEY

Haven for the ensnared

Between 2 and 3 one morning recently passersby at the Atalanta hotel on Carlton St. might have observed a small black and white beagle scratching at the door of a one-time beverage room. Tippy, having mislaid his mistress, was trying to get into what has become his home away from home, as it was called.

For the beverage room has been converted, these past few months, into a street haven for women ensnared in the city crime.

Tippy's owner is one of these. This time, when the 18-year-old came out of prison, she wandered into the after-care room, where she met the aid of two other professional workers and a group of volunteers.

I had seen a good deal of her when she was released from a correctional institution the time before that. Like she was there late "outside" the mock, and had to be released.

"This time, I'm not saying I can stay off the staff person day I got through without a fix, and I'm just saying 'move'."

Mrs. A. . . is one of 50 to 60 girls each day, who leave 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., drop into the haven for a sandwich.

a game of cards, or a TV show, and out again. Or to find a debating clothing, get help in securing a job, medical or psychiatric aid or personal counselling. She pointed Tippy.

"This night, I have one of the other girls might need a telephone in my room," she explained. "There's a secret phone booth."

"I guess he got confused--perhaps something started thought of the Haven. I walked over and sure enough, there he was, waiting to get in."

HEAVEN FASHION SHOW She had come to me this time, not for help or sympathy, but on her own, proudly to offer tickets to a fashion show being held in aid of "her" Haven, at the Canadian Room of the Royal York hotel, Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8 p.m.

The show is being presented by a merchandising organization to aid of the work in the converted beverage room. Girls and women there are helping by placing tickets. They can obtain yours by telephoning the Haven, 366-3107, or cost \$1 each.

These dollars will go to keep this humanitarian venture afloat. For financing is a problem.

I have talked with Peggy Ann Walpole at length. A fine young person, she spent many months in a women's jail as a burglar attendant, to assist the need for such a centre. Even these few months have proved her conviction: girls and women of all races, creeds and backgrounds will respond to such an outstretched hand in the time of great need.

NO MONEY, FRIENDS "All the other women are released from prison without money, good friends or a job or place to go. They return to crime for survival," Miss Walpole is too wise in the ways of the real world to expect distant rescue, on-the-spot rescue.

"We firmly believe even one year off the street, one year away from pregnancy, one year away from the threat of joblessness, withdrawal and change in long-set ways, have coffee, rest and visit a family, one leave--probably for the next night of prostitution."

"Our main aim is to change the pattern, preventing it from becoming a month or even years from now the success of Street Haven will require."

The Haven's

New Home
2 Teraulay Street,
Toronto 1, Ontario

366-3107

925-7065

First
Anniversary
March 22nd.

Street Haven first opened its doors just one year ago this March 22nd. In Toronto it represents the one completely open, non-sectarian door, through which an alcoholic or drug addicted prostitute or lesbian can always enter and find immediate help -- without questions or documentation of any kind.

Under the direction of Peggy Ann Walpole, R.N., and with the help of over 40 volunteers the Haven has catered to the emergency needs of over 220 girls -- girls to whom pregnancy out of wedlock is almost routine. Street Haven could tell countless true stories of women who live . . . and die . . . in a world of pain anguish -- a world filled with incredible human situations. The Haven stands as a "beacon" casting its light with the first rays of hope for those less fortunate than us.

Has the Haven changed anything? More than 50 of these girls are now in steady jobs or attending adult training schools. Twelve lesbians have submitted to plastic surgery for tattoo removal. Countless numbers have had medical, psychiatric and hospital care; lodging accommodations; provided with clothing; united with families and children, many of whom were wards of Children's Aid Societies. The volunteers attend courts daily and visit girls in jails.

Now that the first year is drawing to a close, we have found it necessary to move to new quarters which are large enough to lend many more opportunities for the girls in the Haven itself. Our new address? -- 2 Teraulay Street (one block south of Dundas on the north-west corner of Yonge and Teraulay).

YOUTHS ANONYMOUS

Most people have heard of A.A. and how their program has helped thousands of alcoholics win their battle over alcohol. There is now another group called "Youth's Anonymous" that is helping the drug addict, the homosexual, and any other person that has a problem that has made their life unbearable. The older members act as councillors for the younger members.

A man called Joe was the first to speak at the "Street Haven". There was about a dozen Y.A. members present at the "Haven" that Sunday night when our girls started coming in. I think the girls were expecting a sermon but as Joe started talking they sat and listened. Joe had spent most of his life in and out of the jails, until he attended his first A.A. meeting. He had learned that this was the answer to his problems - that by helping other people he was also helping himself. When he had finished his story, some of the others started a sing-song and our girls sang along with the rest. Since that night our girls have started their own Y.A. meeting and the group that came that night have made Sunday night at our "Haven" a regular affair. Without the "Haven" and our director, Peggy Ann, this could not have been accomplished. Many people are concerned with the problem confronting our society but not enough people are willing to go to the trouble of doing anything about it.

We are in need of contributions to enable us to keep the "Haven" open. We also need volunteer workers to lighten the burden of our staff.



• Peggy Ann, the girls and the workers in the kitchen relax with a cup of tea.

The chandeliers aren't crystal
The carpets not velour
We've never been extremely rich
In fact, sometimes we're poor;
But if you're seeking friendship
Or help in any way
Remember, at Street Haven
You'll find them every day.



• A memorable time was had by all, especially the children.

• The table all set for the 'Big Feast'.



Christmas 'at the Haven

December the 25th, being Christmas, is celebrated by people everywhere, so we too had our Christmas. This year the girls decided to give Christmas to a mother and her eight children, whose Dad was away at the time. We worked hard to get gifts for the children and to trim a tree. As Christmas Eve rolled around we had our tree trimmed and under it were gifts galore for the children, girls and workers of "Street Haven". On Christmas Day when we went to pick up the mother and her eight children we found that Dad had arrived home so our family was complete. When we sat down to our Christmas Dinner we had an over-sized turkey with all the trimmings and seats for about twenty.

Many of our girls dropped in during the day to wish our director, volunteers and girls a "Merry Christmas". It was very exciting with paper being ripped off gifts, cameras flashing and carols being sung.

For the most part, I think that everyone who spent Christmas at the Haven has one they will remember. Usually Christmas away from home is lonesome, but speaking for myself, it was one of the happiest I ever spent.

by A Girl

A Note of Thanks!

At one of our meetings, another girl and myself were elected on the committee to be in charge of putting this Newsletter together. The girls started turning in their articles to us. After a few days they asked "Where is your write-up"? Being a person who never was any good at writing or putting words or thoughts on paper...I shall do my best. As I sit here with my friend going over the material written by the girls and the volunteers, I find it all very exciting, and the material in my estimation, is all well-written.

There is so much to be said about Our Haven and the interest everyone has for it, that words can say very little.

This summer's activities will be carried out, such as our Ball Team. An interest of swimming, bowling, and such will get underway in the near future.

Our appreciation is extended to our Director, the Volunteers, and to you wonderful people who have donated your precious time and money, clothes and furniture.

We thank you one and all, for your gift may be the one gift to brighten up the road for one lost and lonely girl.

by A Girl

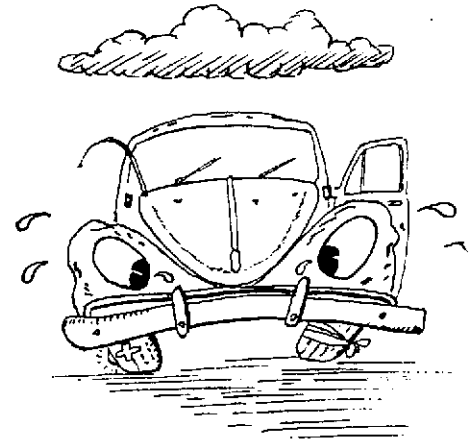
REMEMBER our new address . . .

2 Teraulay Street, Toronto

PEGGY ANN WALPOLE
the Executive Director

wishes to take this opportunity to express her appreciation to the Board of Directors, the Volunteers, the Girls, and all the kind donors of their time and money to make Street Haven a success during the past year.

Autobiography of a VOLKSWAGEN



It seems a long, long time ago now, but I can remember, not so long ago, when I was shiny and new, waiting expectantly in the showroom window, to see who would be my first owner. Finally, when a fair girl not too old, came to claim me I thought I'd settle into a pretty comfortable ordinary way of life. Everything went along pretty smoothly for a month or two, until all of a sudden I wasn't even given a chance to cool down. My owner suddenly seemed to change overnight - every day we ran back and forth to the hospital to work at top speed then, without a breather, every night we were back downtown nosing in and out of all the dirtiest and dingiest streets. Next thing I know I was no longer a part of the familiar hospital hustle and bustle. Now I spent long lonely hours sitting in a dismal parking lot outside an even more dismal looking building called the Don Jail. One pretty exciting time tho' was when I chauffeured the famous Junkie Priest around town and even felt like a celebrity myself while one full day was spent taping a T.V. show. - It felt pretty important to be amidst all the lights and cameras.

But I thought I was run ragged then. I was in for a big shock - and it hasn't let up since. I'm still not sure, but I think I found a new home about then. One hundred times a day she'd stop me with an awful jolt at a very busy corner, hop out and bang the door, which set my nerves jangling. Then I'd watch my owner dash into a dingy looking hotel - so many times I longed to have just one peek behind those forbidding walls. Resigned, however, to my lot, hopefully I'd get set for my much needed rest. Inevitably, just as I'd begin to settle, out she'd come and we were off again. I hadn't the heart to tell her that just once I'd dearly love to go home quietly and early some night. She seemed so intent on these strange missions. I knew it was useless. I tried adding a few more squeaks and rattles and to look dirty and tired, but it just didn't seem important to her.

One thing I can never complain of is loneliness - it's very rare that she doesn't have one or more girls tagging along. Every day sees a little or a lot of happiness, sadness, tragedy, tears or

laughter. I must say I feel pretty important when we make rush calls to St. Mike's emergency, but then again it's pretty depressing to see so much despondency among my young patients.

I cannot write this without spouting off indignantly about how much I resent it when they all seem to forget I'm just a little guy. Like the times the whole baseball team, plus equipment, pile in, wrenching my very insides, laughing as if they hadn't a care in the world. Even worse than that, regularly they try to empty what I'm sure are the contents of a whole house into me all at once. It really is degrading to be treated as if I am a mere moving van. Then there are the weekly Sunday jaunts when a happy group pile in for church. I'm sure then of a full hour's rest with the faint strains of the choir hymns to soothe my frazzled nerves. I've even had long and interesting trips to Montreal but why did she have to spoil it by routing me out late at night in the pouring rain? If not for this, I might not have been too belligerent and blown my motor halfway - I must admit I'm a little ashamed now of my behaviour. I suffered for it, however, hard as it is to admit, because of all my complaints. I spent the loneliest few days of my life, being pounded and hammered together. How I long for my crazy mixed-up life and friends again! I often made visits to the jail, but the nicest times of all are when we go to bring someone "Home". Then the busy day I know by heart now begins. To the Welfare, the Employment Office, pick up clothes sometimes and finally the dreaded but inevitable job of apartment hunting.

I guess in some ways I've had a lot more sadness than anything else in the first 18,000 miles of my life. So many tragic stories reach my ears. So many tears are shed on my upholstery. I think I droop a little more each time. I've been to three funerals this past year. I crawled along at a pace so unusual for me - I longed to be whipped around the corners again. Anything to forget the tragic deaths of the young girls that just the week before I'd seemed to be helping.

I guess I would be foolish to say I

didn't feel a little sorry for me. Every day I feel a bit older, with new bumps and scrapes. I don't even go to the car wash as often as I used to. It's as if she didn't care anymore! Somehow I know that deep-down this isn't true - not even very important really. I'm pretty proud to be part of such a team as STREET HAVEN. Don't ever tell her but the only thing that will really hurt my spirit is if she turns me in on a new bright, shiny new and probably much bigger deal. Surely she has more sentimental feelings for me than that - hasn't she??????

The Owner

why the haven?

There comes a time in everyone's life when they must decide which road to turn down. Most people can make this decision wisely. However, there are also those who take the road which will lead them only to shame, anguish and humiliation.

The girls that come to Street Haven have taken the wrong highway in life. Why? Well there are reasons too numerous to mention. Perhaps they have just encountered too many hard knocks in life to cope with. Whatever the reason, they come to the Haven to find the way back onto the right road, to find themselves, to learn how to help themselves and others.

In Street Haven you find people who care what happens to these girls. People who devote a great deal of time to listening to many stories of tragedy and pain. The Volunteer Workers will listen and do everything in their power to help in the long struggle that most girls will go through in their climb up to a better life.

Alcoholics, prostitutes, drug addicts and lesbians that have the courage and the will power to try and improve themselves cannot fail if the doors to the Street Haven will remain always open.

I know, for one day I walked into Street Haven.

by A Girl

A Volunteer's Day at "The Haven"

Daytime work at the "Haven" is never monotonous - in fact no two days are ever the same. We've no planned program but just play it by ear as the girls come in. Jane is to come out of Mercer this morning. A worker meets her as she is discharged and accompanies her to the "Haven". She has been visited by our director, Peggy Ann, at Mercer and has asked us to help her. Over coffee we talk about what she would like to do. An interview with the special employment services is set up for her if she hasn't already had one made before her discharge. She has several days to wait for this appointment and perhaps several weeks before she gets a job or starts a retraining course. The first pay cheque seems a long way off. Temporary welfare is arranged through a visit to the district office. Here, there is a long and tiresome wait as many people are applying for assistance. Jane almost feels like giving up but a "Haven" worker is with her and somehow the long wait is endured and she has her interview. Jane will stay at the "Haven's" emergency shelter until she feels more secure and wants a room on her own. Here she can find suitable clothing for her job interview. Then when she is ready to make the change, a volunteer will walk the streets with her if necessary to try to find an inexpensive but clean place to live. This isn't ever easy as the rooming houses are old and sometimes in poor repair. But it is a place where she can make a fresh start and there is always the "Haven" where she can go to play cards, ping-pong or listen to records when she wants company. Every morning a worker is assigned to cover the court. She is particularly interested in the women's cases. Sometimes there are girls on the court list she knows - girls who have slipped back a little. Her presence in the court assures them that the "Haven" door is always open to them when they are ready for more help. Another volunteer visits some girls in the jail - they are waiting for their cases to come up in court. The monotony is relieved by the worker's friendly interest and the cigarette money left for them. Still other women visit girls who are in hospitals or perhaps confined to their room through sickness or disability. The worker encourages the girls too, through cards and letters sent to hospitals or penal institutions. In fact a "Haven" volunteer does a great deal to help a girl find some meaning in life and a happier future. All she needs is a listening ear, a kind and understanding heart and a sense of humour. ■

by A Volunteer

The "Junkie Priest"

To publicize the opening of "Street Haven" in March 1965, a rally was held in St. James Parish Hall, where the guest speaker for the evening was the famous and much revered Father Daniel Egan, The "Junkie Priest".

A capacity crowd filled the auditorium and it was quite apparent that the interest was intense. Father Egan's "reputation" had gone on ahead of him, so when he spoke, with feeling, about the drug addicts and prostitutes he knew in New York City, he held the audience spellbound.

As the pioneer of "Havens" and founder of "Village Haven" in New York City, Father Egan came to close personal grips with the world of narcotics, thievery, and prostitution, the three headed evil he was fighting with kindness, understanding and love.

For more than an hour he described in detail the hazy, sordid world of the junkie, and the incredible human situations that are more tragic than can be imagined. Truly he has opened the door and let the light shine on this sordid social problem, that is spawned in darkness, for he entered into their darkness in order to gain an understanding and insight of their needs. His penetration of this lower social order has been complete, and only his love of God helps him to continue in this work that holds so much pain and anguish.

He made it quite plain, that as children of God, all human beings should be treated with respect, and the "junkie" was no exception.

Peggy Ann Walpole, director of Street

Haven, thanked Father Egan for coming to our aid, and when she made an appeal for volunteers and funds to help pay the first month's rent for the "Haven", the great response proved that The "Junkie Priest's" help had not been in vain.

The paper back edition of Father Egan's dramatic story, written by Joe D. Harris, of his "Village Haven" in New York City, and his fight to tear down the society that the drug addict needed for punishment in institutions and jail was to be on sale in Canada by mid summer.

A meeting was arranged and held at St. James Parish Hall in June 1965. Copies of "The Junkie Priest", forwarded to Street Haven by the publisher, were sold by the girls and volunteer. Father Egan was eagerly sought after to autograph them. He had flown Trans Canada Airlines from Nova Scotia to be with us on this memorable occasion.

In his opening remarks, Father Egan told the audience that part of the proceeds from the sale of the books would be donated to Street Haven. He proceeded to tell of the help and encouragement his "Village Haven" had and was giving to the drug addicts and prostitutes in New York City, and with the help of his book, he hoped that "Street Haven" in Toronto would be like a beacon casting its light and penetrating the gloom in the life of the drug addict, prostitute, and lesbian, who very much need our help and understanding.

by Two Volunteers

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HARD-WORKING VOLUNTEERS...



• Two volunteers work in kitchen.

To Flo who is our sunny ray,
She cheers us up come what may.
To Marg who helps us get a job
And always hears when girls do so
To Sheryl who chows us knitting skill
I do believe she does it still.
To Megan who is very sweet
She brings us lots of treats to eat!
To Mary Jane who cooks so well -
At baseball season she will yell.
To Jan who's serious and quiet,
She nags us to go on a diet.
To Anne who makes us toe the line
And brings us over advice divine.
To Beth who devotes her time and skill
To teach us things she knows so well
To Dell who lectures with a grin
And makes our lives a friendly din
To Kelly who's our pride you see
She tries to get across to me
The better kind of girl to be.
To Anne who acts like one of us
And jokes until your stitches burst
We would not trade them for it's plain

They're influential and do so well
In showing kindness, grace and cheer
We hope they stay another year.

by A

Walk through an "Open Door"

About four months ago, I walked through the doors of a place called *Street Haven*. My first thought was to use an iron. I had just arrived from out of town, and had only a room with nothing in it.

Inside the doors of *Street Haven* I found a very homey atmosphere, with T.V., records, radio, and a number of girls and volunteers chatting. Besides this homey atmosphere, I found someone who would listen to my troubles, no matter how many times I told the same thing over. Regardless of how many times you may slip back, the doors are always open.

By finding that there are people who do care, you find yourself starting to care. Most of the time it is a rough road to change your ways...even a little. Myself, I was drinking heavy, my appearance was lousy and my attitude towards people was rotten. I trusted no one and wanted no one to trust me.

Since I have been coming to *The Haven* I have found myself in an office job, wanting to help the rest of the girls, and most of all, finding my true self. I am beginning to realize that the things I thought I had to have, like liquor and drunken parties are for the birds. I can enjoy myself sober. Of course, there are times when I would like to go get drunk, but now I have found people who will stop me if I give them a chance. Why?...because they care what happens to me, and care if I take that drink.

I wish that every girl could find in *Street Haven* what I have found. Some day they will, because *Street Haven* with its wonderful director, and volunteer workers, and girls, will hold the door open for them...just as it has for me. I always remember I can slip back, but what I have found is far too great to lose.

Won't you help support *STREET HAVEN*, so other girls like myself can find their way back into society.

by A Girl

WILL YOU HELP TO KEEP THE DOORS OF STREET HAVEN OPEN . . . and open wide?

Total cost: \$1,000 per month - Cost per girl per month? Less than half the cost of keeping a girl in jail for one week . . . and ten times as effective!

Incorporated as a Charitable Organization

PLEASE SEND DONATIONS TO:

THE STREET HAVEN

2 Teraulay St. • Toronto 1, Ontario

• Music at the Haven to brighten up those 'lonely nights'.

A day at the Haven is a day to rest,
You see us at our worst, you see us
at our best.

Amusing antics you will learn,
As our girls their stories burn;
They cook, they sew, play ping-pong too
And sometimes have a fight or two.

When entering the Haven it may succeed
To plant in your mind a fertile seed
Of knowledge of women whose lives have
gone wrong

Some traded their pride for the price
of a song.

Ages they differ from one stone to four
Of girls who first stepped through
the open door.

"There but for the Grace of God go I"

As friends of Peggy Ann Walpole and learning of her plans to open a "Haven" we quickly volunteered to help out by coming to the "Haven" on occasional evenings. Whether or not the girls were leery of associating with us "squares" we do not know, but we were most apprehensive the first evening we were present. Prostitutes and drug addicts were people we had only passed on the street, and lesbians were but a name. We entered a room filled with chattering girls and, being afraid to speak to any, headed for the security of an attractive girl we assumed to be a volunteer. We chatted away at length only to realize that it was one of the girls. The following weeks we played cards, chatted and gradually became acquainted with many of the girls, gaining some insight and understanding of the many deep-rooted problems that originate from situations beyond their control. We feel that the "Haven" is very beneficial to the girls and also to the volunteers. It is so easy to condemn and yet - "There but for the Grace of God go I."

by A Volunteer



• Alderman June Marks, one of the Board of Directors, chatting at 'Open House' last year.

There was a young maiden
named Peggy Ann
I'm sure you will help her
if you can.
A home for her homeless waifs
she needs
As she recently expired a year-
long lease.
Many a time she's discouraged
and down
But never on her face you'll see
a frown.
This maiden is spunky with lots
of cheer
Especially when we have had
too many beers.
Drug addicts and alcoholics
you will find -
Is it not a wonder she still has
her mind?
'Tis by the phone twenty-four
hours a day,
Like poor Cinderella, she has
no play.
A fairy godmother she surely
appears
When you're on the streets
your rent in arrears.
This is not only financial help
you may need
But someone to talk to for hours
indeed.
Volunteers plenty we need some more
To help the girls through the
open door.

by A Girl

What we are now
Is a gift from God.
What we become
Is a gift to God.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
BEVERLY BOARD • MARION JANG
MARILYN SCOTT

All of us at *Street Haven* wish to express
deepest sympathy to all the loved ones
of three young girls of ours who all died
tragically in the year 1965.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

How

"The Street Haven" Helped me!

At fourteen I felt different from the average girl my age. Most of my friends had experienced a homosexual relationship with a girlfriend, but it usually ended there. With me, it was the beginning.

I tried to conquer my feelings by dating boys. It wasn't what I really wanted but I felt I had to help myself to be like other girls, by having boy-friends.

After dating many boys, I met one fellow I really got along with. We dated steadily for a year and I really grew to like him.

Then I made the biggest mistake of my life. I gave myself to him, and became an expectant mother at the age of sixteen.

I found myself with one of the biggest problems in my life — how to tell my parents. When they finally found out, they reacted just like most parents would. They only thought of my reputation and made arrangements to get me into a home for unwed mothers.

At first I didn't want this, but finally agreed to go. Here I met girls with the same problems and attitudes as mine.

My parents helped me through this trial, but the people running the home gave me the most comfort.

When my daughter was born, I knew right away I wanted to keep her. My parents disagreed at first, but finally accepted my decision, and I took my baby home with me to live with them.

After two weeks, I started to work and put money in the bank, towards the day I could get my own place. When my daughter was six months old, I left home and found an apartment. The women upstairs agreed to look after my daughter during the day, and we lived very happily for several months.

Then my parents discovered I was a lesbian, and took my daughter from me. I left my job, lost my apartment and drifted downtown.

In a restaurant one night I met another lesbian, who listened to my story and told me to go back home. When I refused to do so, she offered me a place to stay. I became a prostitute to support myself, and lived this way for the following year.

One day, this other girl and I heard about *Street Haven* and went to it out of curiosity. They made us realize that goofballs and alcohol would not solve our problems. No one asked questions but offered help in many different ways. Peggy Ann Walpole and the workers fed us, and found us a room and helped us to find jobs. It took eight months to get on our feet, but we finally could afford an apartment, and I was able to get my daughter back.

We still had problems, and after a while they seemed twice as big as they really were. I tried to solve them by running away. After three days I realized that I would have to face them in the end, and went back to my girlfriend, but in those three days we lost everything we had worked for.

We then went back to *The Haven*, and with Peggy's help have made a new start and I now seem more settled and look forward to the future with my daughter.

I only know that if it wasn't for the *Haven*, I might still be downtown as a prostitute not caring about my future or my daughter, I love so very much.

We girls need *The Haven*, and would be lost without it. I only hope that I can someday sit back and help another girl like myself when she turns to *The Haven*.

by a Girl ■

Positive BOUNCE

The Haven finished me. I arrived there fresh, filled with purpose, and bounce. In less than six weeks my fate was decided. Crushed and deflated I took my place with the trash.

Serious contemplation on my part led me to see that this was the only way it could be. The girls at *The Haven* liked me. I made the best possible response I could to the affection they showed.

When neglected, I was secure in the knowledge of my intrinsic work. When hit, I'd bounce in direct proportion, to the indentation of the slam. When stepped upon I was ruined. From this I had no comeback.

Formed roundly, hard, smooth, and while I was meant to be bruised, I had one purpose — to give others pleasure. I played hard, the game fairly, I gave it everything I had.

My demise does not deject me. The WHY of my existence was unanswered, each time I bounced positively. In this my peace.

I am "A has-been" ping-pong ball.
by a Volunteer



SPORTS CORNER

In the summer of 1965, the girls from *The Street Haven* decided they wanted to play softball. Some of us had not played ball for as long as five or ten years, but we thought we would give it a try. After being accepted on the Ladies Financial Softball League, playing against banks and insurance companies, we went ahead and put our whole heart into it. It surprised a lot of us, that we could give up drinking, goofballs or taking one fix that day, in order to walk on that field sober. We practiced once a week and played twice a week, which meant that the *Street Haven* kept us off the streets — and sober — three nights a week out of seven. For some of us that was three sober nights a week we had never known for years.

Pulling together as we did, and with Harvey's coaching, we placed 5th in the finals instead of 8th like some people thought we would. All the girls on the other teams did not look down their noses at us, or feel sorry for us, but accepted us as one of them, a baseball player. This year, we are planning on playing baseball again at a new location.

by A Girl ■

This year we have been accepted in the Metropolitan and Ontario Ladies' Senior Fastball League. We are also on the lookout for more ballplayers. Anyone interested in playing is welcome to try out for our Ball Club. Please contact: *Street Haven*, at 366-3107.



• Girls wait their turn to get
"in the game"



• And now . . . for the seventh inning!

A Birdseye View



Footsteps coming down the hall, 'at last'. After being the watch dog (or should I say bird) all night. It will be nice to have some company. tweet... tweet... Soon the room will be filled with lively chattering, teasing, beefing, and sometimes tears.

The phone rings...that will be P.A. to see how everything is progressing, and with a few requests - to visit J at St. Mikes, and T at the Don Jail, and pick up chairs at some kind donor's.

Tweet...tweet...More footsteps. "Some of the girls, I hope". It does get a bit boring just listening to volunteers. Sure enough its D & S with Little C. C is such a cute little monkey. (who am I, a bird calling a child a monkey). Tweet...Tweet, They are having a bit of time getting going, but always have their chins up looking forward to tomorrow.

Just as things begin to get interesting the landlord arrives. I feel in my tiny bones he has something ominous to say. (besides where is the rent?). I am right, we have to leave our Haven bag and baggage by March 15th. Sad news but were tough, and I know we'll be in our new home by then. In my own little bird-like way, I've found faith, and prayers (plus hard work) tweet...tweet...always pays off.

No time to brood, J has just appeared with the liver and mushrooms, so soon the aroma that will penetrate the whole hotel will set the rest of us wild with drooling taste buds.

Crutches thumping down the hallway. I'll bet it's Shy, and what on earth comes with her. tweet...tweet...an electric fry pan. Now S I ask who's going to get burned??? Patience, Happy, we'll just wait and see. Chatter, Chatter, everybody talking at once. A raffle, Shy is raffling off the fry pan, part of the money for the Haven. There's a good sport for you.

And so the afternoon goes on, people coming and going, but what a happy and homey place. I'm sure glad that I am the happy bird to have my home at The Haven.

Each night when the place is tidied up, cover over my cage, lights out, and footsteps fading down the hall, in my little heart I pray each and every girl, volunteers and our director may have a peaceful night and wake to a bright new dawn. Tweet...tweet...tweet!

by a Girl ■



A welcome for all who enter
Whatever the trouble may be
Street Haven offers warm shelter
From the harsh winds of society.

At the Haven you'll always find
A friend to help you along;
Someone sympathetic and kind
When everything seems to go wrong.

A friend to tell your troubles to
No matter how heavy the load
And one who will always help you
In finding a happier road.

Fate may have dealt a cruel hand
In this risky game of life
But at the Haven they understand
The war against trouble and strife.

Abandon fear all who enter here
Through this ever open door
Though problems may not disappear
There is cause for hope once more.

by A Girl

This paper has been written,
edited and published for the
most part by the girls of the
Haven.

Special thanks go to Sandy
Simpson, Charlene Smith and
the Volunteers for their help.



Personal Reflection

The Street Haven has been open a year now, and this past year has seen many changes. These changes have occurred among girls and volunteer workers and the program of The Haven. As a volunteer I have felt my own attitude changing during the past months. Like most of 'Straight' society I had little idea of or contact with drug addict, prostitute, or lesbian. These terms were in my vocabulary but very far removed from my everyday world. Certainly a life on the corner does exist, but this life is a society all its own. So my first appearance at The Haven was not without some trepidation. I was rather uncomfortable not knowing what to say to these girls whom I had so little in common, and knowing what was expected of me. Gradually as I visited The Haven weekly and talked with these girls, I came to know and like these girls as individuals not as a society of prostitutes or addicts. When you like a person you learn to accept their weakness. The weaknesses may have led to more disastrous situations than our own. We have steered ourselves in a different direction, but this should not create in us, a feeling of superiority or apathy. A friendly and non-judgemental attitude, a willingness to listen, and communicate occasionally, and a little spare time, all that is required of a volunteer. When you are given the confidence and acceptance of the girls. And for 'Square' this is a most rewarding experience.

by a Volunteer

RUMMAGE SALE

Early in December the girls and volunteers were initiated into the mystery of a rummage sale. Saturday morning sale, and a sale TO END ALL SALES the following Tuesday evening early \$200.00 for The Haven.

JOB APPEAL

Many of the girls at Street Haven are full time employed, but then again there are those who are not. Jobs vary in all walks of life are sought for our girls. Some are in schools and will need help after completion of their courses. We urge you to help us make solid citizens of these girls. All it takes is a small push in life and yours may be just the push we need. If you are interested us at your convenience at 366-3107.

• photo at left: A girl gets ready for job interview.

NEEDED... another chance

Drug addiction is considered to be a menace to society today. Some people look on addicts as something less than an animal. This I believe, is due to the fact that there have been many journals and magazine written articles stressing the point that drug addicts will do almost anything for a fix. What a sad world it would be if we all believed this. At Lexington Hospital there is a large turnover in addicts trying to get help for themselves. There are many poor souls in Toronto today who in their own way seek a cure. Many go as far as being arrested in order to obtain help, but little do they realize this is not necessary. Let us consider Mary for example. At the age of eighteen she was addicted to barbituates and feeling the need for a stronger drug. At nineteen she has two lovely children but is a heroin addict, and is involved in a lesbian relationship. When Mary was arrested one day for prostitution she lost her children and turned even further to the crutch of drugs. Years later, after a few jail terms, going hungry and homeless, and being classed as less than human she tried to receive help.

• Directly after her release from reformatory, she obtained a job and went home to live with her heartbroken par-

ents who welcomed her tearfully. Before she finally really obtained release from the soul-searing drugs she lost her job and was forced to seek another. After a month of trudging the Unemployment Offices she left town and tried a smaller city. There she obtained a waitress job but driven by loneliness came home once more.

This time, however, she was greeted differently, and came to *The Street Haven* for help. On arrival there, she was warmly welcomed by Peggy Ann Walpole, the director. Lodging, clothing, food, etc., was provided for her. After much kindness and encouragement by the volunteers, she applied and was accepted for an Adults Training Centre. At the present she has been at school for two months and is working towards the day she will be a family again and be reunited with her children. This young widow is only an example of the many drug addicts today who seek your help and kindness. We are doing our best to see that these girls receive a second chance in life which should not be denied any human being.

If you wish to help these girls financially or otherwise, please contact us at *Street Haven*, and we shall be glad to receive your help. by a Girl ■

Won't you help too?

Acceptance as a volunteer at *Street Haven* has provided me with an interest and a challenge.

The girls and volunteers use first names and are friends. One evening after playing cards with one of the girls she asked me if I were a "worker" she wasn't sure. I was pleased with the question because it meant that we had established a friendly relationship which had no bearing on why we were at the Haven.

I do look forward to the evenings spent at the Haven and enjoy the companionship of the girls and the other volunteers who share my enthusiasm for *Street Haven*.

In this first year I believe a great deal has been accomplished. Peggy Ann Walpole, through her unselfish devotion and unceasing work, proved that the need existed and that the establishment of the Haven has been a practical step in the right direction.

We hope the work can be continued and expanded and that the necessary additional financial help will be found and that more sincere, interested people will find that helping *Street Haven* can be very rewarding.

The STREET HAVEN,

2 TERAULAY STREET,

TORONTO, ONTARIO